

THE BETHEL NEWS.

Published Every Wednesday by
A. D. ELLINGWOOD, Proprietor.

Bethel, Me.
TERMS: \$1.25 per year, payable in advance.
Entered in Bethel, Me. Post-Office as Second Class matter.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 25, 1895.

BEST REPORT OF

THE BETHEL FAIR

— WILL BE IN —

THE BETHEL NEWS.

THE DOLLAR PARTY.

The Dollar Party of the Universalist Society was a success both socially and financially. As a result one hundred dollars have been added to the funds. Mrs. E. C. Rowe was the originator, and from the moment of its conception, with her as its chief promoter, it was bound to be a success. A large number joined the ranks of the earners through the efforts of Mrs. Rowe assisted by Mrs. E. C. Park. All seemed ready and willing to aid. Thursday evening last the party met at the Chapel, learned the result, and listened to the many novel ways in which the dollars were earned. Some made and sold ice cream and cake; some, candy; some, bread; some, boot-blacking; some told fortunes; some took young ladies and some young gentlemen riding and charged five cents for each fifteen minutes, or double price after dark; and so we might go on but space will not permit. Suffice it to say that where there was a will, a way was provided to earn the dollar. At the party an interesting musical programme was given. Refreshments were served, and the young people enjoyed an hour of games, while the older ones were having a social chat and congratulating themselves upon the result. Much credit is due those who worked so perseveringly to make the list of earners large; to the faithful ones who provided the entertainment and refreshments, and certainly to all those who so willingly contributed to its success by earning or giving the necessary dollars.

It seems that some were well intentioned but failed to earn the dollar. One of those unsuccessful ones contributed the following: "We were told to earn a dollar, and to tell in poetry, how it was done." An experience party that will not rhyme with anything under the sun. And how we are going to do it, I am sure nobody can tell. But we shall know who the poets are, if any among us dwell. To us, the word "experience" means something we have to learn. And the lesson we've been struggling with, is "How a dollar to earn." But we haven't solved the problem. And we're feeling rather small. For we are bound to confess to you, we haven't earned any at all. Now as to poetry, I am sure, we are all in the very same boat. And if some of us really write it, the others will keep it afloat. And safely land the dollars. And the experience too. At the Universalist chapel. To carry the good work through. So, "Heave ahead my hearties! And pull with all your might. That all our expecting parties May succeed like the one tonight. And we unsuccessful sailors, Will yield the helm to you. The captain brave and pilot bold. And the rest of your gallant crew. We crave your kind indulgence. For this apologetic rhyme. May this experience teach us, To do better another time."

THE MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Dear Editor:— I was surprised to hear a former employee of the G. T. R. R., who lives on the Hill, declare that he "would rather ride in the smoking car of the Maine Central R. R. than in the best car of the Grand Trunk!" Now, all the people of Maine consider the management of the Maine Central, by that prince of general superintendents, Payson Tucker, Esq., as one of the best in the country. It seems to me best in all its appointments. It is excellently equipped with cars, with a good road bed, attentive and gentlemanly employees, and everything goes like clockwork. It is always on time. I do not think it is exactly true, but we constantly hear it said,—"The cars on the Grand Trunk are always late!" I must say I do not like the smoking cars on any road, for I do not care to inhale air poisoned by tobacco; and I do find it a convenience to travel by the Grand Trunk; and the employees at the station are obliging and attentive, but I do wish the cars would be more timely.

The Twenty-seventh Maine State Sunday-School Convention will be held at Winthrop, Oct. 15, 16 and 17, 1895, commencing Tuesday evening and closing Thursday noon. Winthrop sends out a hearty invitation, with proffer of free hospitalities. Each school is entitled to representation by pastor, superintendent, and two other delegates. Half fare by rail and steamboat lines. For hospitalities, address, as early as possible, Chairman S. S. Entertainment Committee, Winthrop, Me.

A SERIOUS FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

By J. G. Rich.

In the year 1849, when we lived on the old Richardson, near Metaluk Point, Richardson Lake sportsmen used to visit us from distant cities to enjoy the wild sports of the Rangeley lake region. In those days very few people went so far from civilization to spend vacations, as it was hard work to get so far into the wilderness, and meant many a twenty mile tramp over mountains by spotted line without an apology for a road. An occasional party of College boys or adventurous youths, that wanted to spend their vacation where never a white man went before, would make us a visit. A. P. Gould, of Cambridge, Mass., was a yearly visitor to these lakes. He was a natural born hunter, and is still living. In October of the above year Gould came in from Andover way to spend a few weeks with me among my traps. The day he came he presented me with a hunting knife to wear in my belt—a nice affair and a handsome present for a backwoodsman.

The next day after he arrived we made preparations to visit my traps as the hunting season had fairly set in. We had read made for a two weeks trip, and everything we could think of arranged. The next morning we set out in our boat for the head of lake Mollyhunkamunk, some six miles away, where we were to leave the boat and tramp through the woods for many miles, tending traps and shooting whatever came in our way. But fortune had ordered it otherwise; for we had proceeded but a few miles up the south shore to my first bear trap when we saw a large bear on the bank back from the shore about twenty feet. We at once headed our boat toward the land and rushed her along with all our might, soon landing on the sand beach near the brook where my trap was set. We pulled up our boat and started up the bank where we last saw the bear. A fallen tree lay in front and Gould went up one side and I the other. We did not stop to take a gun from the boat, as Gould had a navy revolver and one gun was considered enough. I mistrusted the bear was in my trap and by chance got near the bear quite a little while before Gould, as he found lots of pucker brush to tangle his feet. When I reached the bear he made a leap from me and cleared himself from the trap, for he was caught very slightly by one toe, and he easily pulled himself out. When I saw he had cleared the trap, I jumped and grabbed him by the long fur on his rump, not considering the danger, more especially as I knew Gould was close at hand.

The prize looked too good to lose, for his fur was long and glossy black. When I grabbed the bear I holloed to Gould to come quick or the bear would get away. When the bear felt me hold of his back he keeled backward and grabbed me with his foreclaws and at once began scratching with his claws and biting my left arm. I lay helpless on my back calling to Gould.

I got hold of my knife in my belt and began stabbing him with all my might, sometimes hitting a rib and sometimes striking it clear into him. Meantime the bear had clawed off all my clothing and torn my flesh, so that the blood ran freely, and I verily thought my inwards were all scratched out. Gould came puffing up just then and shot the bear in the head, and I said, "I guess I am a dead man for the bear has torn me open." All this happened in less than one minute of time. It was a lively scrimmage!

Gould helped me to the lake—I holding my inwards in with my arms, and he leading and lifting me along. He washed me and gave me a drink of water for I was faint. We then discovered that I was not ripped open at all but had some bad scratches and very little clothing, and lots of the bears blood on my person. We went home and it was ten days before I was able to start out again. The bear's pelt brought twenty dollars and the meat was very fine. I never fancied killing bears by hand after that.

GRAFTON.
James W. Brown has been to Milan, N. H.

Joseph Reed and wife will attend the fair at Andover this week.

James W. Parker of Berlin Mills has very generously donated fifty dollars to the Ladies' Library Association.

Mr. and Mrs. David Abbott from Rumford and their nephew from Mass. have been visiting at Mrs. Sewall Pratt's.

IN CALIFORNIA.

Pomona, Sept. 18, 1895.

I would wish anyone visiting this place for the first time might have their impressions of the town and valley formed by the view from the San Jose hills (pronounced Hozay) These hills are a span of the Sierra Madres, reaching out into Pomona from the northwest, and it would seem, were placed there for the purpose of the view obtained from these heights. A finely graded carriage road winds through a miniature canon to the top of one of the most easterly of these hills, and where the viewpoint is reached, a scene of such magnificence and beauty bursts suddenly upon the vision that once seen, is never to be forgotten. It is more like a scene of enchantment than real earth, rock and sky. In the usually clear atmosphere, eleven of the surrounding towns and villages can be seen quite clearly without the aid of a glass. In the foreground are the orange and lemon groves and orchards of other fruits, the fields of waving grain, and the vivid green of the alfalfa land. The pastures with "cattle upon a thousand hills," the city, half hidden by the lovely trees which shade the broad avenues, and streets which are thickly dotted with the pretty homes of six thousand inhabitants who have come within the past ten years to make their abode in "the land of the afternoon" and in this prosperous and progressive city. From twelve to thirty miles or so distant are the lofty mountains of the Sierra Madre range, extending along the north and east. Toward the northeast and about thirty miles away is Mt. San Antonio, or as it is called here, "Old Baldy," which rises to the height of about eleven thousand feet above sea level. On the east are Mt. San Bernardino, the highest mountain from base to summit in the United States, and a little farther towards the south-east, Mt. San Jacinto, (pronounced with the Spanish J like E), the loftiest of all the mountains to look upon, though not half so grand as the other peaks I have mentioned. Those who have read "Ramona" will remember it was on a plateau of this mountain a part of the scene was laid, and this story is read with new interest here where so much that is descriptive of Southern California life in the old days is seen with one's own eyes. Ramona's home is often visited as one of the many places of interest near Los Angeles. These mountains with the several peaks of each, wear their mantle of snow late into the spring and their snowy caps into midsummer.

The summer season is safe—no day so hot yesterday and what you know the morrow will be. There are no ifs about the weather in what one plans to do, or where to go, no sickness to fear, such as are common to other parts of the country, no sunstrokes or prostration from heat; just a delightful and beautiful monotony for the most part, which no one who loves California and California climate, wishes to have come to an end, or is desirous of a change; and yet, when the rains or fall showers which sometimes do come, all are glad to see them, and glad that dusty nature has had her face washed, and been freshened up.

But until the fruit and raisin drying is over no one wants to see rain or showers, so damaging it is to these industries. The rains making is likely to suffer most from rain and cloudy weather which is looked for in the latter part of September and October when the steady sunshine would still be welcome to the vineyardists. The prune and peach drying is still under full headway and many carloads of dried fruits have been shipped the past month. Figs are now ripening and are one of the best of our fruits, as well as one of most healthful. We gather them from the trees, and serve them with sugar and cream for breakfast. Fig jam is in great demand and is made from the different varieties that grow here, the white and brown Smyrna and the white Adriatic, this last being the most delicate. There is no lack of other fruits, plums or berries yet, and we still gather oranges from the trees as we want them. The last carload of oranges for this season shipped the last week of August. The new crop bids fair to be a heavy one if nothing befalls it upon the time of harvest. It has been a beautiful year, but the prices of fruit of all kinds have been so low that the fruit growers do not in these days wear the cheerful and prosperous smile they used to before the dark days of hard times and financial troubles settled over the whole country from shore to shore. Southern California raises the finest fruits of every kind that will grow in a semitropical climate and ought to supply the country as far as the fruits go, before the imported fruits, since our fruit is raised and handled entirely by white men of our kind, and in our ways, which are as cleanly as possible, and thus lessen the danger of diseases, and the terrible things that come from over the seas in importations of what we eat as food with us. Perhaps California needs a high protective tariff, and with reasonable freight rates, or Nicaragua Canal carried through to completion, what might not the

people of this country feel encouraged to do with the vast territory of unopened land in the Golden State alone, the Southern part of which, only a few years ago was thought to be only arid desert until eastern enterprise got to work. With such depth of soil, the richness and fertility of its composition, water and sunshine, everything in the favor of home products, the people of this country should not any longer remain blinded to our own resources and possibilities of horticulture as well as every other kind of culture of that which comes from mother Earth.

By Florida's misfortunes California oranges, the past season, found their way to markets never before reached, and have now gained their rightful reputation as the best in the world, as indeed they are, beyond all question. But there are scale pests for every kind of fruit that grows, and with the expensive remedies, at the prices of the past three years, fruit growing has been profitless.

Beyond Description

Intense Suffering With Muscular Rheumatism.

"I hereby certify that for seven years I was troubled with my knees. I used prescribed and untried remedies, but to no purpose. The trouble kept growing worse and the joints began to enlarge. My knee became almost stiff and I could not walk. I had to use crutches at times and at other times I would have to have my leg amputated as the pain became almost unendurable. I suffered beyond description. Finally, hearing of Hood's Sarsaparilla I took one bottle. I felt much better and after taking several bottles can say I am well."

My Knee Has Been Cured and that I can walk and go around as well as any one of my age. I am 63 years old and work my farm, and my ability to do so I attribute to the beneficial effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I advise all who are afflicted with rheumatism in any form to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. E. A. DEXTER, St. Louis, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, etc.

street leading to Ontario crosses this wash or dry river bed, at times necessitated a ford, and this is our nearest approach to a river. It is a matter of congratulation that Pomona has no river, since the water supply is abundant without it, coming from three different sources, the Canon stream, cinegas, or natural springs, and artesian wells. The artesian water for domestic use comes from three or four hundred feet below the surface and never sees the light of day until drawn from the hydrants and faucets, pure, sparkling and delicious to drink as the water from any Maine hillside spring.

Excursions everywhere are still in order, and will continue to be through September, though the weather is delightful and comfortable all day for those who stay at home. While the days are growing shorter there is nothing to dread from winter, cold, or the fury of the elements, save perhaps a disagreeable sand storm or so, which are at most sometimes a few hours sometimes two or three days of hard, or gusty wind, which drives the dirt and sand, as in New England the snow is driven by the winter wind. These winds are not cold, and are seldom terrific, but they are electric storms and make one nervous and uncomfortable for the time.

The summer season is safe—no day so hot yesterday and what you know the morrow will be. There are no ifs about the weather in what one plans to do, or where to go, no sickness to fear, such as are common to other parts of the country, no sunstrokes or prostration from heat; just a delightful and beautiful monotony for the most part, which no one who loves California and California climate, wishes to have come to an end, or is desirous of a change; and yet, when the rains or fall showers which sometimes do come, all are glad to see them, and glad that dusty nature has had her face washed, and been freshened up.

But until the fruit and raisin drying is over no one wants to see rain or showers, so damaging it is to these industries. The rains making is likely to suffer most from rain and cloudy weather which is looked for in the latter part of September and October when the steady sunshine would still be welcome to the vineyardists. The prune and peach drying is still under full headway and many carloads of dried fruits have been shipped the past month. Figs are now ripening and are one of the best of our fruits, as well as one of most healthful. We gather them from the trees, and serve them with sugar and cream for breakfast. Fig jam is in great demand and is made from the different varieties that grow here, the white and brown Smyrna and the white Adriatic, this last being the most delicate. There is no lack of other fruits, plums or berries yet, and we still gather oranges from the trees as we want them. The last carload of oranges for this season shipped the last week of August. The new crop bids fair to be a heavy one if nothing befalls it upon the time of harvest. It has been a beautiful year, but the prices of fruit of all kinds have been so low that the fruit growers do not in these days wear the cheerful and prosperous smile they used to before the dark days of hard times and financial troubles settled over the whole country from shore to shore. Southern California raises the finest fruits of every kind that will grow in a semitropical climate and ought to supply the country as far as the fruits go, before the imported fruits, since our fruit is raised and handled entirely by white men of our kind, and in our ways, which are as cleanly as possible, and thus lessen the danger of diseases, and the terrible things that come from over the seas in importations of what we eat as food with us. Perhaps California needs a high protective tariff, and with reasonable freight rates, or Nicaragua Canal carried through to completion, what might not the

people of this country feel encouraged to do with the vast territory of unopened land in the Golden State alone, the Southern part of which, only a few years ago was thought to be only arid desert until eastern enterprise got to work. With such depth of soil, the richness and fertility of its composition, water and sunshine, everything in the favor of home products, the people of this country should not any longer remain blinded to our own resources and possibilities of horticulture as well as every other kind of culture of that which comes from mother Earth.

By Florida's misfortunes California oranges, the past season, found their way to markets never before reached, and have now gained their rightful reputation as the best in the world, as indeed they are, beyond all question. But there are scale pests for every kind of fruit that grows, and with the expensive remedies, at the prices of the past three years, fruit growing has been profitless.

A GLORIOUS RIVER.

By F. B. BEAN.
HE St. Lawrence is a phenomenon among rivers. No other river is fed by such gigantic lakes. No other is so independent of the elements. It despises alike rain, snow and sunshine. Ice and wind may be said to be the only things affecting its flow. Something almost as phenomenal as the St. Lawrence itself is the fact that so little is known about it. It might be safely affirmed that not one percent of the American public are aware of the fact that among all the great rivers of the world the St. Lawrence is the only absolutely floodless one. Such however is the case.

The St. Lawrence despises rain and sunshine. Its greatest variation is caused by drought as rain hardly ever exceeds a foot or fourteen inches. The cause of this almost everlasting sameness of volume is easily understood. The St. Lawrence is fed by the mightiest bodies of fresh water on earth.

Immense as is the volume of water it pours into the ocean, anyone who has traversed all the numerous lakes that feed it, and for surplus waters of which it is the only channel to the sea, wonders that it is not even more gigantic than it is.

Not one drop of the waters of the five great lakes finds its way to the ocean save through this gigantic, extraordinary and wondrously beautiful river.

No wonder then, that it should despise the rain and defy the sunshine.

The above composition was written 53 years ago, at the last school that I attended. Father was living in the town of Massena, County of St. Lawrence, State of New York, 1842. The teachers name was Squires. He gave me for my subject, "The St. Lawrence River," the above was the result. I came across it among some old papers a short time since and made a copy.

CANTON POINT.

Cattle Show and Fair at Canton, Oct. 1, 2, 3. Come all.

B. C. Waite, Esq., was at Farmington on business recently.

We want a good blacksmith; a good place for the right man.

Mr. and Mrs. Alley Robinson of Auburn, Maine, were in town Thursday.

John Marston, Esq., has been spending a few days with friends in Hartford, Maine.

C. M. Packard bought A. B. Conant's cheeses and shipped them to the city. They were first class.

Our school commenced Monday, with twenty-six scholars present, and Lena McCallister teacher.

E. H. Johnson and W. W. Blanchard have exchanged horses, both making a good trade, they say.

WHO SAID SO?

Why, the ladies ALL say that the best place to buy the LATEST NOVELTIES in

Dress Goods, TRIMMINGS, NOVELS & ANDREWS.

Come and see for yourself, or send for samples. EVERY DEPARTMENT full of new goods bought before advance in prices. Will be sold on same basis.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING THE NEAREST YOU can come to this in Oxford County is at the ware rooms of the BETHEL CHAIR CO., where you can purchase fine OAK CHAMBERSUITS FORMERLY SOLD FOR \$40 TO \$50 FOR \$20 AND \$25.

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY Every time on anything In the Furniture Line.

BETHEL CHAIR CO. Bethel, Maine.

ARABIAN HORSE FOOT REMEDY Warranted to cure Thrush in three applications.

THE NEWS HAS THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN ITS TERRITORY.

MID SUMMER SALE!

Down Go the PRICES on all RUSSET & TAN BOOTS AND SHOES at the CASH SHOE STORE.

See prices in our window. C. M. MARSHALL & CO. BETHEL - MAINE.

Irving Kimball, Photographer and Portrait Artist.

A FAIR TRIAL of Hood's Sarsaparilla guarantees a complete cure. It is an honest medicine, honestly advertised and it honestly CURES.

WORMS IN CHILDREN. True's Pin Worm Elixir.

EASELS 5 Feet High, 35c., \$1.00, \$1.50 & \$2.00.

Crayon Portraits \$1.64. PICTURE FRAMES OF ALL KINDS at Goddard Bros., 41 Main St.

YOUNG'S N. F. B. Dealer in Paints, Oil, Marble & Granite, Chaste Designs, First-Class work.

C. L. DAVIS, General Trucking COAL, US

Bethel

Burnham & STANDARD OF BERLIN

DR. C. L. B. DEN

SOUTH PARIS, It is our aim to save them. We visit Lockes Wednesday.

Satisfaction

FRUIT, CONFECTION, GROCERIES, CANNED

of all kinds at Bethel

Best Prices Paid Exchange for Goods

R. E. L. FA

NO. 22 MAIN ST.

B. S. Phot

Latest and most improved PHOTOGRAPHY

Special attention given

Children, Groups

VIEWS OF SCENES RESIDENCE

TO ORDER, MAIN ST.

H. L. HORN

Manufacturer of

Hard Wood Floors, Brackets, Door Frames, Sashes, and Doors.

Window Screens a specialty. Posts, and J. N. S. large stock of all kinds of boards, sheathing, and Ladders are useful in MILL AND LUMBER YARD.

Norway.

BICYCLES

Don't make Remington the best. The Dirigo is \$67.50. The Temple beat for \$50. A full line of repairing parts. Wheels to let.

S. N. B.

BETHEL, MARRIAGE ROBES, DRESS, FOOT

AND BAGS, AT YOUNG'S

N. F. B. Dealer in Paints, Oil, Marble & Granite, Chaste Designs, First-Class work.

Letters of inquiry answered. See our Satisfaction

E. E. WHIT

